



# On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Boozed Boy With Check," etc.)

## THE INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT OF NED FUTTY

Chloe McCollgate was a beautiful coed who majored in psych and worked in the I.Q. testing department of the university. She did not work there because she needed money; she worked there because she loved and admired intelligence above all things. "I love and admire intelligence above all things," is the way she succinctly put it.

Ned Futty, on the other hand, was a man who could take intelligence or leave it alone. What he loved and admired above all things was girls. "What I love and admire above all things is girls," is the way he put it.

One day Ned saw Chloe walking by on the campus. "Holy Toledo!" he exclaimed. "How sweetly flows that liquefaction of her clothes!"

The following day he saw her walking past again. "Great balls of fire!" he exclaimed. "Next, when I cast mine eyes and see that brave vibration each way free, O, how that glittering taketh me!"

When he saw her again the next day, he could no longer contain himself. He ran up and blocked her way. "Excuse me," he said, tugging his forehead. "I am Ned Futty and I love you beyond the saying of it. Will you be mine?"

She looked at his quarter-inch haircut, his black rimmed glasses, his two-day beard, his gamy T-shirt, his tattered jeans, his decomposing tennis shoes. "You are not unattractive," she admitted, "but for me beauty is not enough. Intelligence is what I require in a man."

"I'm smart as a whip," said Ned with a modest blush. "Back home everybody always said, 'You got to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old Ned Futty.'"

"Maybe so," said Chloe, "but if you don't mind, I'd like to make sure. Will you come into the I.Q. testing department with me?"

"With you? Into a mangled milk machine," cried Ned Futty and laughed and smote his thigh and bit Chloe's sape in an excess of passion and high spirits. Scampering goatlike, he followed her into the I.Q. testing department.

"First I will test your vocabulary," said Chloe.

"Shoot!" said Ned gully and licked her palm.

"What does juxtaposition mean?"

"Beats me," he confessed cheerily.

"How about ineffable?"

"Never heard of it," smiled Ned, plunging his face into her clavicle.

"Partive?"

"With fur on?" said Ned doubtfully.

Chloe sighed. "How are you on arithmetic?" she asked.

"A genius," he asserted her.

"What's the difference between a numerator and a denominator?"

"My feeling exactly!" said Ned with an approving nod. "What's the difference?"

"If a man earns fifty dollars a month," said Chloe, "and saves 12% of his earnings, how long would it take him to save \$100?"

"Forever," said Ned. "Who can save anything on \$50 a month?"

"How do you find a square root?"

"How should I know?" replied Ned, giggling. "I'm no square."

"How are you on English?" asked Chloe.

"I speak it fluently," said Ned with quiet pride.

"What is the present tense of *wrong*?"

"Wreet," replied Ned, clutching Chloe to him and dancing 32 bars of the Maxixe.

"Next I will test you for manual dexterity," said Chloe. She handed him a board punched full of oddly shaped holes and a collection of oddly shaped pegs. "Fit the pegs in the holes," she instructed him.

"Let's neck instead," suggested Ned.

"Maybe later," said Chloe. "First the pegs."

He fumbled about for a lengthy interval. Finally he tired of it and reached for Chloe.

But she fended him off. "Ned Futty," she said, "you are dumb. You have the highest dumbness score of anybody I have ever tested. Consequently I cannot be your girl, for I love and admire intelligence above all things."

He hurled himself on the floor and clasped her about the knees. "But I love you!" he cried in anguish. "Do not send me from you, or you will make my world a sunless place - full of dim and fearful shapes!"

"I am sorry," she answered, "but you are too dumb."

"Reconsider, madam," he begged, "else a mihi looms before me."

"Go," she said coldly.

Spent and speechless, he struggled to his feet. With leaden steps he made his painful way to the door. There he stopped and lit a cigarette. Then he opened the door and started away to his gray and grisly future.

"Stay!" called Chloe.

He turned.

"Was that," she asked, "a Philip Morris you just lit?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then come to me and be my love!" cried Chloe joyously. "For you are not dumb! You are smart! Anybody is smart to smoke Philip Morris with its fine vintage tobacco, its cool relaxing mildness, its superior taste, its snap-open pack. Ned, lover, give me a cigarette and marry me!"

And they smoked happily ever after.

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This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.

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